COLLEC

OF

Humourous S O

Joyou

LONDON:

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W.N.H.
Bib.
Bodl.
HARDING

An Entire NEW

COLLECTION

OF

Humourous SONGS.

This Nobody can deny.

I.

WE may boldly assert, what no Mortal denies,
We are not all rich, we're not all of a Size,
In Power not equal, not equally wise.
This Nobody can deny.

II.

We can't expect Sense from all those that can speak,
Those are not all wise, who know *Latin* and *Greek*,
Those are not all pious, who preach once a Week.
This Nobody can deny.

III.

'Tis not ev'ry positive Coxcomb that's right,
'Tis not ev'ry Captain Cockade that will fight,
'Tis not ev'ry Wife, we can trust out of Sight,
This Nobody can deny.

IV.

Gay Cloathing oft' covers a Belly unfed,
A Tye-Wig oft' covers a weak empty Head,
A Capuchin covers oft' all that is bad.
This Nobody can deny.

V.

He must be a Soul who loves Whet after Whet,
He may be a Cuckold that weds a Coquet,
He vies with the Nation that's always in debt.
This Nobody can deny.

VI.

An Officer's Honour is fix'd in the Mind,
To his Coat on the Left my Lord's Honour's confin'd,
And many brave Lords wear their Honour behind.
This Nobody can deny.

VII.

Both Fidler and Bawd live on Dupes Recreation,
Both Statesman and Centinel live on the Nation,
Tom T—d—man and Doctor both live by Purgation.
This Nobody can deny.

CLOE.

CLOE.

Tune, *A Cobler there was*; Or, *I ſeek not at once in a Female to find*, &c.

I.

YOU may ſay what you will, but *Belinda*'s too tall,
And *Stella*'s all Bone, and her Shape is too ſmall;
Dear *Cloe*'s my Wiſh, tho' extenſive her Charms,
Tho' the Front of her Stays is too wide for my Arms.

II.

'Tis certain Miſs *Fanny*'s a ſweet little Dear,
And Zephyrs ſpring Odours when *Lucy* is near;
But *Cloe*'s all Sweetneſs by Nature deſign'd,
We might call her an Hogſhead of double-refin'd.

III. When

III.

When she dances then leaps my fond Heart like
a Frog,
When with Rapture I press her, I'm lost in a Fog;
I beg for a Kiss, while my Vows I renew,
And imbibe half a Pint of ambrosial Dew.

IV.

She frequently mentions young *Strephon* the Beau,
But why shou'd I reckon my Rival a Foe,
E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me Pain,
We both shall find more than our Arms will contain.

V.

I have oft' over-heard the ill-natur'd Expression,
That Beauty so bulky must pall in Possession;
In his Notion the Critick is surely misled,
Love's Flame by her Fat will be constantly fed.

VI. Some

VI.

Some Nymphs have angelical Sweetness and Grace,
But *Cloe* has rather a Cherubim's Face,
She's always good-humour'd, facetious and free,
And only gives Pain when she sits on my Knee.

VII.

I start not as timorous Fribbles have done,
At the Substance of three or four Females in one;
First ballance her Weight with his Majesty's Coin,
Then let the dear ponderous Charmer be mine.

BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR.

Tune, *An Old Woman cloathed in Grey.*

I.

COME, frolickſome Sparks, let's away,
Away to *Bartholomew-Fair*;
We cou'd wiſh ev'ry Moon brought the Day,
That affords us ſuch Mirth and good Cheer;

We've Black-Puddings that ſweeten the Air,
And Sauſages all ready done,
With Pan-Cakes, come eat if you dare,
And Pigs ready fried by the Sun.

RECITAL.

[*To be ſpoken.*]

Beſides innumerable Objects that feaſt the Sight, ſuch as Kings and Fiddlers, Heroes and

Jack-Puddings, Earls and Rope-Dancers, Queens and Trumpeters, Drummers and Knights-Errant, Punch and his venerable Company of Puppets, as well as the honourable *Drury-Lane* Company of Comedians; with the wonderful Collection of wild Beasts;—Walk in, Gentlemen, we are just going to shew away.

Tol dol.

II.

Fam'd *Spillar* and *Hip'sley* are here,
Walk in, if you'd laugh and grow fat;
Yeates beats ev'ry Booth in the Fair,
Here's *Whittinton*'s wonderful Cat.

The Salt-Box and Fiddle so sweet,
Are o'er-power'd by Trumpeters loud;
And Drummers with Vehemence beat,
To deafen the loitering Crowd.

RECITATIVE.

Which we may call an odd Composition of Officers, Cobblers, Lawyers, Gamblers, *Change-Alley* Brokers, *Smithfield* Jockeys, Mercers, Chimney-

ney-ſweepers, Phyſicians, Shoe-cleaners, Surgeons, Bruiſers, monopolizing Traders, ſneaking Pick-pockets, City Coquets, Kept-Miſtreſſes, Milliners, Barrow-Wenches, Mantua-Makers, Beldams, with the ſagacious Society of *Cornhill* and *Cheapſide* Apprentices, in Alliance with the virtuous Damſels from *Covent-Garden*, and the Hundreds of *Drury*.

Tol dol.

III.

Here he comes, by your Leave, have a Care,
Behold Mr Fribble complete;
How gently he ſteps from his Chair,
No Doll from a Band-box ſo neat;

In Papers his Locks are confin'd,
He excels a preciſe City-Beau;
He's tinſel'd before and behind,
Like Waxwork deſign'd for a Show.

RECITATIVE.

Lack-a-day, what an abominable hideous Crowd is here, and a moſt intolerable filthy Stink;

where's my Snuff-Box! I ſhall certainly faint! What! is the *Turk*'s Booth on the other Side of the Fair? Tho' I am paſſionately fond of his Performance, the Fatigue of getting thither, will abſolutely overcome me. I wiſh ſome ſturdy Fellow would take me in his Arms, and gently lift me over this extravagant wide Channel; I fear I ſhall ſtep ſhort and ſplaſh my Stockings. I am exceſſively ſorry that I ſhould be ſo fool-hardy as to attempt ſuch a dangerous Enterprize; for Goodneſs Sake, don't crowd ſo; O help, ſome dear kind Creature, or I ſhall be preſs'd into Annihilation.

Tol dol.

IV.

In the Throng a ſtout Bruiſer behold,
With Graces *Herçulean* bleſs'd;
Well ſhoulder'd, ſtern, hardy, and bold,
Who's for feeling the Weight of his Fiſt.

Undaunted he'll face ev'ry Foe,
And bravely contend for the Prize;
He'll intrepidly meet ev'ry Blow,
And manfully fight till he dies.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

What the Devil do you puſh for, and be poxt to you? Keep off, or I ſhall tip you a *Broughton*; ſtagnate my Blood if I don't paint your ſoft Face, mill your Mazzard, and ſeal up your Daylights, I'll ſoon teach you the Croſs-Buttock, and tip you the Bear-garden Chuck; I'll mind my Points, and find out your Bread-Baſket; Rot my Lungs if I don't tip you *Slack*'s Favourite, or come *Ben Boſwell* on your Jaw-Bone: If you ſcruple my Bottom, meet me near *Oxford* Road next *Wedneſday*, and I'll fight you for the whole Houſe.

Tol dol.

V.

A Milliner's 'Prentice appears,
Attack'd by an old City Beau;
No Danger from him *Suekey* fears,
He that weds her will find Cuckold's-Row.

Dear

Dear, Sir, 'tis fatiguing to ſtay,

I hate ſo much crowding and ſhoving;

The People, lauk, what will they ſay,

To ſee us together ſo loving?

RECITATIVE.

Indeed, Sir, I muſt go, I have been obſerved by three or four young Bankers, our Neighbours, already; and I would not be diſcovered in ſo wicked a Place, in Company with ſo fine a Gentleman, for the Univerſe. O dear, Sir, I can't bear ſo much hugging in Public! What will my Miſtreſs ſay, a clean Handkerchief put on To-day, and ſo monſtrouſly tumbled? Bleſs my Heart, you'll certainly preſs me as flat as a Flounder: I believe you've a Mind to tickle me to Death; I'll abſolutely call out for Help, and ſo no more of your Airs.

Tol dol.

VI.

A Foreigner's next on the Liſt,

With a Pig-tail the Length of his Back;

He has Cambrick to cover his Fiſt,

But for Shirts muſt have cribb'd an old Sack:

His

His Rollups ſome Rags may conceal,

Tho' his Waſtcoat is cover'd with Lace;

He has Darns from his Calf to his Heel,

But *Marquès* you read in his Face.

RECITATIVE.

Do here is de Diable of de Crowd; here is ver good Company as you ſal ſee at de Drawing-Room at *Paris*. Fat I muſt make de Confeſſion, dat dis is ver muſh more bater Fair as any Fair in *Germany*: Pray ver is vat you call de Name de Eſquire? Do he play de Tragedy top of his Fair? And ver is my two Sifter Country Vomans, dat do danſe de Gentry out of ſo much Monies? O der is de Jack Laugh and his Salt-Box; I vondar vat is become of un autre Gentleman-Laugh, dat do play formerly top of de *Hay-Market*: Fat I ſhoud be ver glad to ſee mine dear Countrymans jump upon de Rope, and ſhall be more gladder to ſee him jump ſafe down again.

Tol dal.

VII.

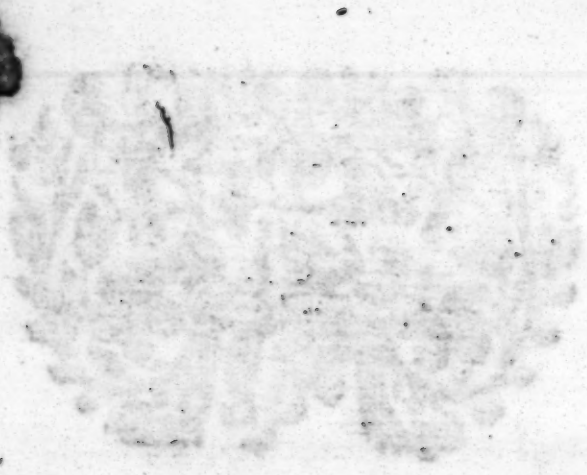
Old Jealouſy brings up the Rear,
With a ſprightly young Wife by his Side;
The gallanteſt Youth in the Fair,
Might be proud of ſo lovely a Bride.

Such Symmetry, Sweetneſs, and Grace,
Give Thouſands Delight and Surprize;
But oh! how their Joy muſt increaſe,
When her Wiſhes they read in her Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

A Thouſand Plagues light on this confounded deviliſh Place, I wiſh I was out of it; we are ſurrounded by a dozen young Fellows at leaſt: How ſtedfaſtly the [illegible] look at my Wife! I believe they are numbering the Pores of her Skin, their Eyes ſeem to penetrate through Shift and all: Pox on it, I ſhall certainly be ſeiz'd, and tied

tied to the Rails for an Ox. Here come two ſtaring Officers, if the Frow receives a ſingle Glance from either of them, ſhe'll talk of nothing but Cockades and Scarlet Coats for a Month after: She had the Impudence juſt now, to vouchſafe a Smile to a Mercer's Apprentice, who had not ſerved above a Year and a half of his Time. In ſhort, a Woman, like a Sparrow, is certainly caught, if you can come near enough to put a little Salt on her Tail.



A MEDLEY.

Tune, *Aſk me not, &c.*

I.

ASK me not how gravely I
Bumpers drink, I'm always dry;
Why a ruby Face I choſe,
Bacchus, Bacchus, Bacchus knows.

III.

You muſt get as drunk as I,
You may then your Wife defy;
'Tis a Truth well known of old,
Women, Women love to ſcold.

II.

Tune, *Did you ſee e'er a Shepherd*, &c.

Did you ſee e'er a Nymph in a Dirt-Cart this Way,
As ruddy and briſk as a Milk-maid in *May*;
'Tis my *Flora*, you'll hear her cry, Duſt ho, a-loud,
As a *Juno* ſhe's ſeen ev'ry Morn in a Cloud;
Tho' a ſweet Cinder-Sifter a Fribble diſdains,
A Belle when you've got her is ſcarce worth the Pains.

III.

Tune, *I ſeek not at once*, &c.

I ſeek not at once in a Female to find,
A beautiful Front, if ſhe's taper behind;

Let the Girl I prefer be depriv'd of an Eye,
If her Pores have imbib'd a Mahogany Dye;
If she always appears with a Load at her Back,
If crooked her Legs, put the whole in a Sack;
Then write but one Thousand, I'll jump at the Prize,
And be thankful and joyous—I mean when she dies.

IV.

Tune, JESSY.

How wretched have I been, what Days have I known,
Since Wedlock, dire Wedlock, made *Cloe* my own?
Each Night am I thankful, when Sleep makes her Mute,
She kicks me, and cuffs me, and horns me to boot.

V.

V.

Tune, *Yes, I am in Love*, &c.

Yes, I'm a Virgin old and ſtaid,
But have a Scheme in petto;
For rather than I'll die a Maid,
I'll wed a grim Mulatto.

VI.

Tune, *Vainly now you ſtrive to charm me.*

Opera Fiddlers can't invite me,
Tho' they uſe their utmoſt Art;
Squeaking Females ne'er delight me,
More than Dames inclin'd to fart.

The COURTSHIP.

Tune, *I'll sing you a Song,*
It is not very long.

I.

BY the Learned we're told,
If a Wife is a Scold,
You'll hear her when Incidents fret her;
But happy's your Life,
If you get a good Wife,
You can't poſſeſs any thing better.

Tol dol, &c. the firſt Cadence.

[*To be ſpoken.*]

Upon this Conſideration, as I can keep a Wife, having both Money and Land,

I was determin'd if I could get the Woman in the Mind, to be married out of Hand:

Accordingly I attack'd the haughty Daughter of a muddling Cheeſemonger in *Lower Thames-ſtreet*,

I paid her a Viſit without Ceremony, ſaluted my Lady, and took my Seat:

While I was taking a Survey, I obſerv'd her ſwell and look big,

A Pox confound you for a proud Toad, thought I, not that I regarded her haughty Airs of a Fig:

Madam,

Madam, ſaid I, with as much Grace as I was Maſter of, I preſume you know what I am come about?

I had no ſooner deliver'd thoſe Words, but her Ladyſhip began to flout:

I thought it a Copy of her Countenance, and ſo toy'd a little; which in Courtſhip you know is a common Rule.

Wou'd you believe it, ſhe flew croſs the Room, frown'd, and as good as call'd me Fool?

Madam, ſaid I, if theſe are your Airs, I have nothing more to ſay,

So I immediately turn'd my Backſide upon her, and took myſelf away.

Tol dol, quite through.

II.

Tho' despis'd by the Fair,
It is wrong to despair,
Or to let such a Circumstance grieve me:
There are Girls more than one,
I'll with Courage go on,
Another may kindly receive me.

Tol del, to the first Cadence.

RECITATIVE.

And so it happened, for I was soon after recommended by a particular Friend,

To an elderly Maiden Lady, with a very handsome Fortune at *Mile-End*;

She was a comely Woman, and if she was Fifty, I am sure that was the most,

But she had the Misfortune to lose her Hearing in the late hard Frost:

Madam, said I, I come to pay my Respects to you upon the Recommendation of your Friend, Mr *Read*;

Yes, Sir, she immediately replied, there is hardly a Cloud to be seen, 'tis a wonderful fine Day indeed:

Madam, said I, I am a plain Fellow, and shall not trouble you with Flames, Darts, and Altars, or any such rodomontade Stuff;

Yes, Sir, said she, 'tis rather too near the Road, or else it is reckon'd a pretty little House enough:

Madam, ſaid I, to make you a good Huſband I'll do every thing that lies in my Power;

Sir, ſaid ſhe, my Watch is a little out of Order, but I take it to be paſt Three about half an Hour:

Now I know that ſome extraordinary Perſons who are unhappy this Way,

By obſerving the Motion of People Lips, can partly tell what they ſay;

Accordingly I whiſper'd, and open'd my Mouth wide, and ſaid to make her my Wife I ſhou'd be very proud;

Sir, ſaid ſhe, I can hear you very plain, You need not give yourſelf the Trouble to ſpeak ſo loud:

I found

I found I cou'd make nothing of her, and therefore I thought it Time to take myſelf away;

For this Miſtreſs of mine was like coy *Belinda*, deaf to all I could ſay.

Tol dol, quite through.

III.

Diſappointed again,
I began to complain,

And was ſomewhat inclin'd to deſpair;
But to gladden my Heart,
Cupid pointed his Dart,

At a Lady in *Hanover-Square.*

RECITATIVE.

I understood she had at least half a Dozen Bags, of a Thousand Pounds each,

III.

But the Misfortune was, she had a very great Impediment in her Speech:

I am certain a Sermon of a moderate Length might easily be repeated,

Before she could possibly bring forth those Words, Pray, Sir, be seated:

I fill'd

I fill'd a Bumper, and said, Madam, my sincere Respects to you from the Bottom of my Heart;

But while she was returning the Compliment, with, Sir, I am your humble Servant, I thank you, I emptied the Quart.

Observing the Lady had a Watch by her Side, I begg'd to know the Hour;

But before she could acquaint me, that it was a Quarter after Three, the Clock struck Four:

Hang it, thought I, this stammering Mistress of mine, is neither ugly nor old;

And add to this a comfortable Consideration, 'tis out of her Power to scold:

Upon

Upon the Whole I declar'd, I would marry the Lady with all my Heart;

But no Parſon would undertake the Ceremony, for upon a Calculation, ſhe wou'd be ſix Weeks and ſome odd Days performing her Part.

Tol dol, quite through.

IV.

The next I addreſs'd,
Was with Eloquence bleſs'd,
A Girl that might paſs in a Crowd;
She had lovely black Eyes,
But a Word to the Wiſe,
The Damſel was little and loud.

Tol dol, to the firſt Cadence.

RECITATIVE.

I paid my Reſpects in a very complaiſant Manner, and ſaid, I preſume, Madam, you know Mr *Powel?*

She immediately ſet off with an Account of him and his Wife, his Daughter and two Nieces, for three Quarters of an Hour; for my Part I had not an Opportunity of putting in a ſingle Vowel:

Madam, ſaid I, I am but a plain Fellow, but come upon honourable Terms, and ſhould be proud to meet with your Approbation;

She went off again, telling me that one Lady of her Acquaintance had ſeventeen Sweet-hearts, a ſecond had a Perſon courted her eleven Years, a third had married a Man older than her Father, and ſo on for an Hour and three Quarters without Ceſſation:

Madam, ſaid I, with humble Submiſſion, if you pleaſe to give me Leave to ſpeak?

Immediately ſhe was off again, intimating what a bad Uſe People made of the Gift of Speech, what a goſſiping Neighbourhood ſhe liv'd in, and had not an Accident happen'd, I verily believe ſhe'd have gone on for a Week;

But *Betty* bringing in the Tea-Equipage, threw a Cup down and broke it, by a Touch of her Sleeve;

She flew into a violent Paſſion, and made as much Noiſe as half a Dozen Copper-Smiths at Work with their Sledge Hammers; it ſo terrified me, that in the Midſt of her Fury, I ſneaked out of the Houſe without taking my Leave.

Tol dol, quite through.

V. The

The next I attack'd

Was a little Hump-back'd,

But a Lady facetious and kind;

I may, whiſpering, ſay,

That ſhe met me half Way,

And proves juſt the Girl to my Mind.

Tol dol, &c. to the firſt Couplet.

RECITATIVE.

As to my former Sweet-hearts, I could hardly perſuade any of them to come nigh me;

But this Lady, as ſoon as I was ſeated, brought her Chair and ſat cloſe by me.

I saluted her a little awkwardly, for by putting my Arm round her Neck, I incommoded her Cap;

But notwithstanding, she was extreamly well pleas'd, and immediately seated herself in my Lap:

Madam, said I, I am but little used to the Company of Ladies; and for want of knowing better, I fear I behave slovenly;

She immediately reply'd with a Smile, not at all, Sir, I assure you, and stroak'd my Cheek several Times very lovingly;

I said,

I ſaid, Madam, I ſhould like you exceſſively well for my Wife; and as I hate Ceremony, ſhou'd chuſe to marry in Haſte;

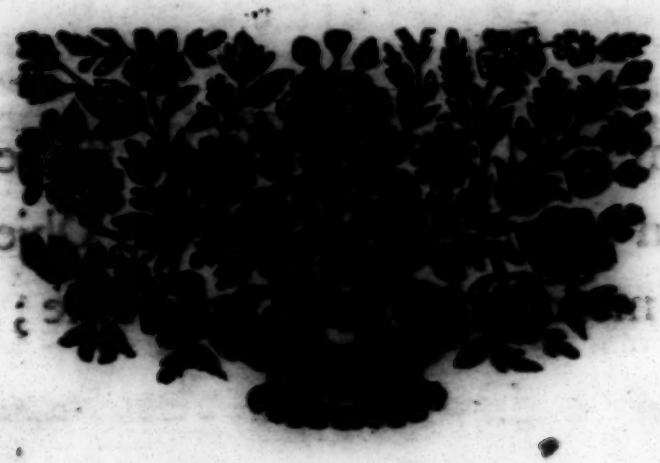
Sir, ſhe reply'd, with all my Heart, the ſooner the better, and then took my Hand and brought it round her Waſte:

Madam, ſaid I, willing to finiſh the Bargain at once, you have no Objection to To-morrow Morning I preſume;

No, Sir, reply'd the kind Lady, but ſhall think every Hour a Week till you come.

And thus, good Friends, I got a Wife at laſt,

Which made amends for all my Troubles paſt.



A SONG

A

SONG upon SONGS.

Tune, *A Cobler there was*, &c.

I.

SWEET *Thalia* assist, let us harp on a String,
A Song upon Songs we'll endeavour to sing;
But the Ladies, I fear, will condemn ev'ry Note,
Unless they are warbled thro' *Be—rd* or *L—w's* Throat.

II. Alas,

II.

Alas, we're immediately told with a Frown,
That they ne'er tune their Voices to Down derry down;
If ſo from Deſtruction, my Ballad who'll ſave,
Dear *F—ſ*, one Squeak for it's Life let it crave.

III.

But to Songſters ſo famous, my Suit I decline,
Too coarſe are our Numbers, for Voices ſo fine;
The Truth we muſt own, that ſuch Stanza's as theſe;
Are adapted for thoſe who can yawn when they pleaſe.

IV. Some

IV.

Some Songs do us Honour, this Criticks muſt own,
Methinks 'tis a Pity the Bards were not known;
Such as *Robin* to *Bobin*, and *John* all alone,
With *Tom*, my Boy *Tom*, and the great Marrow-Bone.

V.

Fam'd *Oxford* we thank for the Cobbler and Stall,
And *Cambridge* for ſummoning all to Stool-Ball;
We're thankful to Merchant-Snip's Pedagogue-Houſe,
That excellent Song of the Taylor and Louſe.

VI.

It muſt be ſome ſweet Poetaſter in Love,
Who favour'd the Town with Hy, ho, who's above;
By a Sirloin enliven'd, 'tis Criticks Belief,
Was the Bard, when he ſang of brave Eagle and Roaſt-Beef.

VII.

With her Jewels and Paint, *Phillis* dazzles the Eye,
And looks like an Angel new dropp'd from the Sky;
By rude *Boreas*, her Tate was blown off t'other Day,
And we found her an old Woman cloathed in Grey.